



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Legends of Leys. 1856.

Br
10082
26



B. 10082, 26

Harvard College Library



FROM THE BEQUEST OF

FRANCIS BROWN HAYES

(Class of 1839)

This fund is \$10,000 and its income is to be used
"For the purchase of books for the Library"

Legends of Aens

COLLECTED FROM

Oral Traditions

OF

THE BURNETT FAMILY

AND

OCCASIONAL VERSES.

By E. M. R.

ABERDEEN:

D. WYLLIE & SON,

Spoken to the Queen, the Prince Albert, & the Duchess of Kent.

1856

BENNETT,

PRINTER.



Legends of Toys :

COLLECTED FROM

Oral Traditions

OF

THE BURNETT FAMILY ;

AND

Occasional Verses.

By E. M. R.

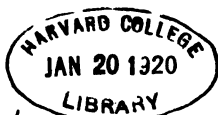
ABERDEEN :

D. WYLLIE & SON,

Booksellers to the Queen, the Prince Albert, & the Duchess of Kent.

1856.

Br 10082.26

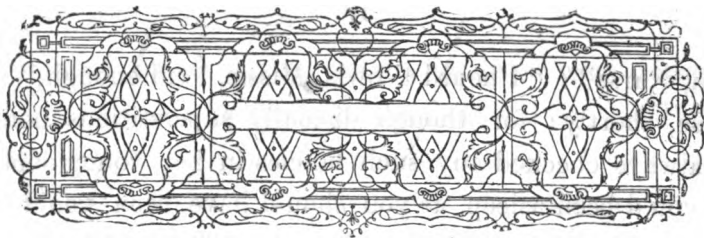


Hayes fund

• ABERDEEN:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BENNETT,

42, CASTLE STREET.



Introduction.

IN a low roofed and carelessly furnished room, at the top of one of the picturesque old castles of the North of Scotland, sat, one autumn evening, an elderly English Nurse and three young children. It had been a wild stormy day. Now, in the deepening twilight, the clouds were gathering thicker, and the rising wind was howling among the turrets and battlements, and scattering the leaves of the chestnut and lime trees, which swept the lawns with their long branches. "What a storm," said the eldest girl, rising from the hearth-rug, where Willie and Katie still turned their picture-books by the fire light. "It will be like last night"—she added, leaning against the turret window—"I fancied the Green Lady moaning and shrieking in the old hall there, and all the murdered men that Barbara tells about, assembling there too to seek revenge. Such strange noises there were, groans and cries between the gusts of wind—Did you hear

them, Nurse"? "I heard t' owls, Missie, loud enough," said Nurse, shortly; for, though dismally superstitious herself, she always checked any such fancies in her young charge. "If you'd been asleep, as you should have been, you'd hear no noises I warrant," "But I couldn't sleep, Nurse," persisted Missie, coming to the old woman's knee. "Oh! I was so frightened, and Barbara says"—"well, well, never mind Barbara," replied Nurse; "if you don't sleep sounder to-night, I'll give you t' dose of something in t' morning, to cure such whimsies." Willie and Katie laughed at this odd receipt against fear of ghosts, and Missie retreated in huge disdain to her window. "I wish Hannah would come with t' milk for your suppers, bairns," continued Nurse—"she's been away more than half an hour, silly thing, and you're to dress yet for dessert." "I wish she'd come, and bring t' candle," said little Katie, in Nurse's own dialect; "for I've lost t' thimble, and there's Willie with t' book, *wit' end oop* 'stead of 't' head!" Before Willie could defend himself from this laughing charge, the door of the old hall at the end of the passage, was heard to shut with a loud bang. They all started; for though it was the favourite play-room of the children in day-light, none of them would have entered it after dark, in consequence of the stories told by the servants at the Castle, and sometimes even by Grandmamma herself. What

the vaulted old hall had originally been, was rather a mystery : some said a chapel—others called it the “Hall of Justice”—now it was a mere lumber room, where stood chests of old armour, swords, leathern coats, &c., which were little cared for by the family, and served as playthings for the children during their holiday visits to the Castle. A rustling noise was heard in the passage, and a slow solemn step, or rather tap, which made the listeners hold their breath as it approached. The door of the nursery was thrown open, and there appeared within it, a figure which might have been that of any ghost in the Castle, even the Green Lady herself, dressed in a hooped petticoat, a ruff round its neck, and high plumes of black feathers on its head ; it bowed and nodded, and waved its arms, while Nurse and children uttered exclamations of surprise and alarm. Missie, indeed, flung herself on her knees at the Nurse’s feet, and hiding her face in her lap, shrieked in such frantic terror, as showed how powerful was the impression made on her vivid and susceptible imagination. “Hush hush, Missie, for goodness’ sake, don’t scream so,” said the familiar voice of Hannah, the nursery girl. “It’s only me, I thought it would amuse you”—and she advanced into the room : the laughing face of the maid who had helped her to dress, appearing over her shoulder—“Get along you *fond* thing,” cried Nurse, indignantly, “take off that non-

sense, and get t' supper—to frighten t' bairns that way!" But the children crowded round Hannah, laughing at their late fears, and inquiring where she found that wonderful dress. It was in one of the old chests in the hall, and nothing but fear of the darkness prevented them from neglecting their supper, and instantly exploring for further treasures—"My lady wishes to see the children," announced Mrs. Barbara; and faces were washed, and curls were smoothed, and the children descended the long winding stairs to the dining room. "Now we'll ask Grandmamma for a story," whispered Missie, "I daresay she knows all about the Green Lady, and who that dress belonged to." And it was from "Grandma's" stories, from hints and allusions in the family tree, and a little exercise, perhaps, of imagination, that the following Legends and Tales have been from time to time collected and arranged.

NOTE.—The family of Burnett of Leys is of Norman descent, and came over with William the Conqueror. The original name was De Bernard.



The Legend of the Loch of Yegs.

LONG, long ago, before the blessed light of the Reformation had dawned upon Scotland, there stood on the north bank of the river Dee, about eighteen miles from Aberdeen, a small religious house or monastery, dedicated to St. Ternanus. The spot was sheltered and picturesque. The broad river was broken into rapids by large stones and fragments of rocks, and divided by four or five little islets, covered with yellow furze, and fringed with alder. Looking westward, the view was bounded by the blue hills of the Grampians, rising higher and higher, till they terminated in Loch-na-gar, and Ben Miedhui. To the north, the level country stretched away in noble oak forests, with their opening glades, and occasional swamps, to the bottom of the low, bare, and rugged hill of Fare. The monastery was built in the form of a quadrangle, one side being formed by the house of the superior, and the chapel; beyond which, along the river's bank, lay the quiet churchyard, planted round, as was also the north side of the monastery, with fine ash trees. The whole building was constructed for defence, as well as retirement; for the highland clans, from the head of Dee, made not unfrequent inroads on the lowland country where the monks had settled; consequently the lower storeys were arched, and lighted only by slits in the massive walls, while the upper part was defended by the round turrets, characteristic of the Scottish architecture of that period. Strong gates protected the court of the quadrangle, and beyond it, sloping up the bank, till it reached the confines of the forest, lay the gardens and corn fields

cultivated by the monks with care and diligence. A well of pure water (still known by the name of the saint), was duly prized and protected, and to it was attached an iron chain and drinking cup, for the benefit of the weary traveller. For about two miles to the northward, a road wound through the forest, terminating in a wide open space where lay a large sheet of water, known as the Loch of Leys, and on the margin of which the powerful Baron De Bernard of Leys had his residence. A few large oaks and beeches flung their giant arms in friendly shelter round the house, defending it from the cold blasts which swept across the hill of Fare, and the green-sward came up to the outer gates, like a natural lawn. The house, built in the same style as the monastery, fronted the south, and from the eastern gable there ran a causeway raised on piles, extending some distance into the lake, and terminating in a strong square tower, entered by a narrow arched portal, consisting of two storeys of one apartment each, and strongly battlemented on the top. To this tower the family might retire, should the fortune of war drive them from the more exposed House of Leys. Robert de Bernard held the office of king's forester, in right of charters granted by King Robert the Bruce to his ancestor—a gallant knight of Norman descent, who had rendered the Bruce good service in his struggle for the Scottish crown. The woods were strictly preserved for the royal sport—and the splendid deer, of a now extinct species, and much larger than any now found in Scotland, tossed their huge antlers in proud security, seldom disturbed in their woodland domain—for the times of James III. were dark and troubled, and his wars and quarrels with the fierce Douglasses, left him little leisure for the hunting field: so the Baron lorded it at his pleasure over the surrounding country, possessing extensive estates, and many privileges, in virtue of his office. Though more familiar with sword and spear—with hound and hawk—than with the arts of reading and writing, he continued to be on friendly and even intimate terms with the good old superior of St. Ternanus, whose mule might

often be seen ambling through the forest to the House of Leys, and whose advice and counsel were always sought and often taken by the imperious Baron. Never, too, did De Bernard hunt or fish for the supply of his own table, without a portion of the spoil finding its way to the Monastery, besides the two fat bucks a-year, allowed by the king to the monks; while an abundant weekly supply of pikes and eels were furnished by the Baron himself from the waters of the Loch. Still more welcome was the amiable Father Francis to the Lady of Leys, who looked upon him as a miracle of learning and wisdom, and listened with pride and delight while he examined her two boys, as to the progress they made in their studies under Brother Cyril, to whom was committed the care of their education. The Lady was a woman of a gentle and yet firm disposition, of a handsome person, and gracious manners, ruling her household well and wisely, and exercising a steady influence for good over her more impetuous and often passionate husband. Her sons worshipped her—especially the eldest, William, a gentle, earnest, dreamy, youth, who would gladly have resigned his heirship to his bold, bright younger brother, Robert, for leave to enter the monastery, to read, and study, and meditate, by the side of his beloved Father Francis.

Such were the inmates of the House of Leys; and the neighbourhood had enjoyed a period of unusual tranquillity, though faction and war were rife as ever in the southern parts of Scotland. De Bernard had one brother, Sir Gilbert, who, leaving his own country, as page to some noble lord, at a very early age, had won his spurs and knighthood at the Court of France. Of a tall and powerful form, he possessed the broad open brow, and handsome head, characteristic of his race, and in his bright blue eye, was that winning glance, half entreaty, half command, which woman's heart so rarely resists. Certainly the heart of Adele de Montemar had long confessed its spell; but Sir Gilbert was poor, and she not only the fairest of the French Queen's bevy of fair maids of honour, but heiress of gold and

jewels to no small amount. Sir Gilbert sighed in silence—he wore her colours in the tourney; and even on the deadlier battle field, her little embroidered glove shone conspicuous on his helmet. But not till Adele had refused the many cavaliers who sighed at her feet—not till he had seen her weep and wring her hands, when some accident befel him in the lists—did Sir Gilbert resolve to throw himself on her mercy, and offer her all he had—his trusty sword, and his noble honest heart—and these Adele joyfully accepted. For what was wealth?—had she not enough for both? and she would go to Scotland with him, to see the free wild woods where he had chased the deer, the lake he had bathed in, the home of his boyhood, now half forgotten, but brighter than ever through the golden haze of memory. So Sir Gilbert sent a trusty messenger (the good knight, we blush to say it, was little used to his pen) to his brother of Leys, with the intelligence of his marriage, and of his wish to live once more at home. The Baron and his Lady were both delighted. The House of Campfield, built in the same style as that of Leys, though smaller and more rude, was at once put in repair and fitted up, according to the taste and means of the time. And when Sir Gilbert and his fair young bride landed, after a tedious stormy passage, at the port of Aberdeen, they found a cordial welcome to their new abode, and in their brother's estimation, every comfort they could require. But, alas! for the contrast! after the gay luxurious Court of France, what a scene of barbarous discomfort it presented. The house stood on the top of a rising ground, above the lake and woods, and fearfully exposed to the northern blasts. The low portal gave entrance to a narrow winding stair, usually filled with the smoke which rolled along the vaulted kitchen at its foot, and which was merely lighted by the blaze in the ample fire-place; for windows on the ground floor would have been a dangerous luxury. Up to the large common room, with a smaller one within, a ladies' withdrawing room, from which a door in one corner communicated with another narrow stair, leading to two or three

sleeping apartments. No hangings, no couches, no pictures—a few high straight-backed chairs, rudely carved, were the most ornamental part of the furniture. And Sir Gilbert wondered, half afraid, half ashamed—how his memory could have so deceived him, as to allow of the vivid description he had given to his wife, of all relating to his childhood. Poor Adele wept and wailed for three whole days—a long time for a volatile and suggestive little French woman—at the end of these, she summoned her two attendants, Jacques and Margot, and with their willing and active assistance soon planned and executed many alterations and improvements. Her boxes were unpacked, and stores of arras, of linen, and of plate produced, while French nick-knacks, unknown in Scotland for centuries after, gave a graceful air to her own boudoir. A garden was laid out in a sheltered nook, and stocked by Jacques with those herbs and fruits so indispensable in French economy. And the foreign air, dress, and manners, of the new comers, made Campfield a constant resort for the few neighbours around, who never wearied in expressing their wonder and admiration. Adele was quite reconciled, and when, a year after her arrival, a baby girl was added to her home, she felt she had nothing more to ask or desire. The Lady of Leys fondled and nursed the little Beatrice, but wondered at its dark hair, and eyes, and skin; and always returned to admire the more, her own fair, blue-eyed boys, so different from the little French fairy. But as Beatrice grew older, her complexion became that of a clear bright brunette, her hair was twined in rich dark masses round her graceful statue-like head, or fell in long wavy curls over her slender throat, and sloping shoulders. She was a lovely girl, calm and quiet in all her ways, and with an expression of deep thought in her earnest hazel eyes, and a shade of sadness on her fair forehead; while the sweet mouth, dimpling into playful smiles, showed a temper which made her the sunshine of the house, and the delight of her father's heart. As to her education, Madame, as she was called, could instruct her in dancing, singing, and playing

the lute ; Margot was a proficient in the mysteries of embroidery and tapestry-work ; and little Beatrice shared with her cousins, sometimes at home, and sometimes at the House of Leys, in the lessons of Brother Cyril. And so they grew up ; William and Beatrice still continuing to study together, while Robert became more and more the companion of his father and uncle. To Sir Gilbert he was greatly attached, accompanying him in his long day's sport, and through the woods and moors, which he still trode with a step as light, and a figure as erect, and almost as youthful as his nephew's. He was beloved by all around—many a culprit brought for punishment to the Baron did he beg off—many a petty trespass in lake and forest did he conceal with a firm yet kindly warning against its repetition. The rough out-spoken De Bernard was half-liked, half-feared, by his dependants. Sir Gilbert was loved as the poor man's friend ; and Robert resembled him in disposition as well as person. Looking on his brother as sole heir to their father's wide domains, and gathering from his parents' hints, that they desired Beatrice should be his wife,—Robert had learnt to dread her fair and gentle presence as a foe to his peace, and crushing down his love in the depths of his own noble heart, he resolved that though he could not hope to win her, she should, at least, hear his name where knightly deeds were done, and fame and honour gained. Sir Gilbert and he, therefore, set off for the Scottish capital, where the youthful King, James IV., now held the gayest and most chivalrous Court that Scotland had ever seen. His own fair Queen, Margaret, had as yet no rival in his eyes ; nor had the Queen of France yet sent him the celebrated message, to march three miles across the border, for her sake, and strike three blows on English ground, which resulted in the fatal field of Flodden, and the destruction of all his chivalry. So William and Beatrice were left alone, and in the long soft summer evenings he lay on the green-sward at her feet, and told her tales of saints and martyrs, of knights vowed to solitude and meditation, and devoted to the cross, or the holy sepulchre.

Perhaps she would rather have listened to other tales, for her whole heart was his, and while she fain would have been as rapt and unworldly as her saint-like cousin, in her secret heart she shrunk from his longings after monastic life, as she would have done from a convent for herself.

Meantime, a dispute arose between De Bernard and his next neighbour, the Knight of Drum, regarding an exchange of part of their respective estates, for the mutual advantage of both. But the fiery Baron waxed so wrothful and unreasonable, that the Knight at last drew back from the proposal, and refused all further negotiations. De Bernard repaired to the monastery for help and counsel—old Father Francis was dead, and had been succeeded by Father Ambrose, a man of sterner disposition, and less inclined to be indulgent to the failings and passions of his flock. To him, with much vehemence, the Baron made his complaint. The Father shook his head. "I see not how I can help you, my son. What would you have me to do?" "Counsel him first, and excommunicate if he refuses!" was the fierce reply. "My son, beware!" said the Superior, "the censures of the church are not to be thus lightly dealt with; beware, too, of the sin of covetousness—remember the fate of King Ahab when he coveted"—"Father, I am no learned man," interrupted the Baron, "your Greek and heathen kings"—"Blaspheme not! Baron of Leys," said Ambrose solemnly, "learned I know you are not; and in your blindness and utter ignorance it would become you to listen with reverence to the words of holy writ I was about to quote." The Baron stood a moment abashed, then glad to catch at any cause of offence, he indignantly repeated, "Blindness and utter ignorance, forsooth!"—turned on his heel, and with scant courtesy, quitted the apartment. Unluckily, as he rode moodily homewards, he encountered the servants of the monastery, returning with their well-filled baskets of fish fresh from the Loch of Leys. "See there" he exclaimed, turning to his followers, "how these lazy monks take the best my lands afford,

and eat and fatten at my expense; yet, when I ask the smallest favour at their hands, I am reviled as a heathen and blasphemer! Seize the fish, my men, not one morsel shall they enjoy, till they learn to respect the hand that feeds them." But his attendants shrunk back—it was sacrilege to touch the property of the church—and the fishermen, scarcely understanding the command, pressed forward with their loads. De Bernard threw himself before them, struck the foremost to the ground, and the rest, making no further resistance, hurried off to make their complaint to the Superior—while the fish and baskets being all flung into the Loch, the Baron and his men rode on in sullen silence to the House of Leys. Next day, came a peremptory message of rebuke, and stern threats of the church's censures, unless reparation were instantly made. But De Bernard now roused, and glorying in resistance, sent back a haughty defiance, bid the Superior do his worst, and even declared, that sooner than comply, he would drain every drop of water from the Lake, and so deprive the monastery of its supplies for ever. Father Ambrose was equally unyielding—a solemn procession wound through the forest, and drawn up before the House of Leys, pronounced curses loud and deep upon the Baron and all belonging to him, should his impious purpose be carried into effect—especially referring to the ancient malediction upon the rebuilder of Jericho, that he should lay the foundations in his eldest son, and set up the gate thereof in his youngest. The Baron was unsubdued, he laughed at the denunciation, and the threat which he had never seriously thought of executing, now became the aim and object of his existence. In vain his gentle dame Margaret, her heart trembling for her sons, as well as for her rash and violent husband, entreated his forbearance; in vain did William humbly plead, and Madame, with tears and exclamations, protest against the fearful hazard he would run. He made his preparations. An encampment was formed on the opposite side of the Lake, where the drains were to commence, and he only stipulated that none of the family, especially William, should ever approach

the spot. His dependants were summoned—and for a week the work went steadily on. The Sabbath was in prospect, and, the preceding evening, the work was suspended early, and a liberal supply of food and drink were in preparation. Dame Margaret and her son were alone in the House of Leys, deep sorrow and anxiety marked on their countenances, while they vainly strove to cheer each other, and rejoiced that (as a messenger had informed them), the work, for a few hours at least, was suspended. A king's courier arrived at the gate, with letters of the utmost importance to the Baron of Leys; and William unwilling to trust the precious documents to other hands, resolved, himself, to seek his father, and deliver them in person. His mother watched with deep anxiety his frail canoe, as it shot across the still blue lake, then turned to offer rest and refreshment to the wearied messenger. William placed the papers in his father's hands, and then strolled away to see the progress of the ditches, which already yawned deep and dark from the margin of the lake. Suddenly a loud explosion shook the camp, and echoed away like thunder in the distance. A mine had been laid to blow up an opposing stone, and forgotten by the men in the bustle of quitting their work. They rushed to the spot—De Bernard foremost, with a strange wild presentiment of evil in his heart. And there lay his son, still and calm, his face turned up to the quiet evening sky, with the colour on his cheek, and the smile on his lips, and yet that nameless something which tells assuredly that life is fled. They raised him up. A splinter of rock had struck one side of his head, and his fair clustering curls were bathed and matted with his blood. No one spoke. The Baron was like a man walking in a dream. They made a rude litter, placed it in the canoe, and so they carried him to his mother. The very first who hurried to the house of mourning was Father Ambrose. Shocked and startled, all his sternness was gone, the proud monk flung himself at the mother's feet, besought her pardon for his share in the calamity, and then applied himself to comfort, as best he

could, those to whom all comfort seemed then a mockery, and to make arrangements which none present were capable of attending to. It was a sad scene to which Sir Gilbert and his nephew returned, with all the speed that travelling then admitted of. The sight of Robert renewed the parents' grief; and he longed to see and talk to Beatrice on whom he dreaded the effect of this awful blow. But Beatrice was not one to make violent demonstrations of her feelings. Outwardly calm and collected, she had been her aunt's best comforter through all the trying scene, and it was only in solitude that she gave way to her own utter desolation, and then prostrate before the image of the Virgin, she sought her help and sympathy to bear her woe. She spoke soothingly to Robert, when he poured out to her his sorrow and his tears, and it was not till he exclaimed, "Oh, Beatrice, how selfish I am compared to you. I come for comfort to you, who should rather be the comforted one—you, who have lost your all, your promised husband!" that her frame shook with emotion, and tears poured down like rain through her clasped fingers. Then commanding her feelings again, she turned her pale face to Robert, and said, "Nay, cousin, you mistake, no word of love ever passed between him and me. Oh! he was too good for earth! the saints' holy warfare, the martyrs' crown, on these his heart was set;" and she added, with clasped hands, and uplifted eyes, "is he not a martyr, since his death has reconciled his father to the bosom of the church." Robert answered not: it was no time to speak of his own long suppressed and hopeless love, but he wrung his cousin's hand, and that night, at his mother's feet, he told all, which his mother's heart had guessed, and sought her forgiveness for the anxiety he had shown to leave her. "Not even you, dear mother, could have kept me here, to see Beatrice another's bride." And her heart, noble as his own, had no room for jealousy. She bid him be patient, faithful, and true; and prayed heaven to bless her son, as she used to do when he was a boy upon her knee.

The draining of the Loch of Leys has, within a few years, been completed under happier auspices, to the great improvement of the district, in appearance and salubrity. During its progress there were dug up some curious specimens of household utensils, as well as the horns and bones of an extinct species of deer—a canoe, hollowed out of one log of wood, overturned, and with about half a dozen bronze pots of antique shapes, lying beneath it, was found in a position which seemed to indicate its having been upset in crossing the loch, no doubt when the encampment of the first draining party broke up, and returned to the old house. Probably the Baron was in too great haste to make his peace with the Church to be very solicitous about the fate of a few cooking pots, and left them as a sacrifice at the bottom of the loch. The canoe fell to pieces on being exposed to the air; the bronze utensils are, of course, carefully preserved. The antlers of the deer are splendid specimens, and are evidently those of a huge species not now existing in Scotland.

THE KNIGHT OF THE HOLLY.

The gay and the lovely of France were met,
On a day when a tournament high was set ;
And a stranger Knight rode fearless forth,
His badge the Holly of the hardy north.

A scarf of green o'er his breast was flung,
A hunting horn at his baldric hung ;
A forest ranger, from far came he,
To splinter a lance for Anna Marie.

Throbbing hearts went with De Bernard's lance,
Soft eyes were seeking his eagle glance—
And he knelt amid blushes and fragrant sighs,
To the queenly hand that conferred the prize.

But triumph no smile to his lips could bring,
As he haughtily rode round the tourney ring ;
Nor bent his brow to that circle fair,
For Anna Marie was not smiling there !

And where is the beauty of Guesclin's Tower ?
Why does she grace not the tourney hour ?
O'er that warrior's scarf, her first vow was wept,
But the scarf and the vow not alike were kept !

At the Minster altar a bride she bends,
The pealing organ its anthem sends ;
Jewels flash back from her queenlike brow—
Anna Marie is another's now !

De Bernard has taken his helmet and lance,
He has sighed farewell to the land of France ;
And turned him back to his pine woods dim,
For Anna Marie has been false to him.

The Green Lady.

It was in the dark and troubled times of the early Stuarts, that the family of Leys established themselves, partly by deeds of violence towards their neighbours, partly on grants bestowed by different Kings, in considerable power and wealth in the Strath of the Dee. There they built their fine old gothic castle, and their name originally of Norman extraction, became changed from De Bernard, to the more Scotch pronunciation of Burnett. They were a gallant race, and held the office of King's Foresters in the North of Scotland, living in the midst of wild pine woods, extending in those days over the greater part of the country. In the year 1590, is recorded the death of the then forester, an old man, whose chief delight was in getting wealth, and obtaining lands, of which he added not a little to the family domain. He had married late in life, a daughter of the ancient line of Ulshaven, and in the Lady Agnes, was concentrated all the pride, ambition, and daring of her house. She continued to live at Crathes with her only child, to whom she was devotedly attached, and for whose aggrandisement she would have made any sacrifice. The young Forester, accustomed to her control, yielded her implicit obedience, and giving up most of his time and attention to the pleasures of the chase, left to his mother the government of his vassals and estates, and even confided to her discretion the sentences pronounced on those culprits brought for trial to the vaulted hall of justice, where, in those days each Baron sat, a Sovereign more supreme than the reigning Stuart on his uneasy throne. Scotland, however, at this period, enjoyed an interval of comparative peace, and many of her youthful nobility, whose atmosphere was war, were keeping their swords in practice in France where the fierce wars with England were still raging. Gladly

would the Forester of Leys have joined their ranks, but submissive as usual to the Lady Agnes, he remained at home, and soon found reason to rejoice he did so. It was a soft summer evening, and the last rays of the setting sun were lighting up, with something of cheerfulness, even the dark low roofed chambers of the old castle, and glancing brightly through the long rich branches of the splendid trees around it, when the Lady Agnes sat with her maidens in the large oak hall, now uttering some word of direction as to their tasks, or giving a look of admonition when she detected some symptom of weariness or inattention. The Forester lay at her feet—the floor beside him strewn with the implements of hunting, deer's horns, and other trophies, which he was discussing with eagerness and animation, and winning even from his stern mother, a smile of pride and pleasure, as he recounted the day's exploits. Suddenly the sounds of martial music, the tramp of horses, and the clatter of armour were heard approaching the Castle, and the Forester sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "The Irvines! I thought their last defeat had checked their inroads for a time—but my arms, mother—see you to the defence of the castle, I will meet the foe, and teach them in future to respect our woods." There was no need of arms. The strangers, though followed by a goodly retinue, came with no hostile intent. The Irvines, with whom, because they were his nearest neighbours, the Forester held a deadly feud, were quietly resting in their old square Tower of Drum, recruiting their forces for a future opportunity; and the martial party now drawn up in the court-yard of the castle, requested admittance as related to its Lord, and as come to speak with him on urgent business. A few hasty arrangements were made, and then the Lady Agnes stood at the end of the hall, queenlike, to receive the strangers, whom her son went to the gate to welcome and bring to her presence. They advanced up the hall: a tall and knightly figure, wearing his whole armour, save his helmet, which, leaving his head uncovered, showed his close curled dark hair, slightly grizzled, more, it seemed, by toil and war, than by

age, for he was in the prime of life, and his face was handsome, save for a deep scar across his cheek, and the dark bronze of his complexion, which spoke of a more sunny clime than that he now sought. But the eye of the Lady Agnes, accustomed to the guise of warriors, merely noted for a moment the noble knight before her, and then rested with a keen and suspicious glance on the veiled and shrinking figure which clung to his arm: nor did her haughty brow relax aught of its severity, when the veil was removed, though few could have looked on that fair young face, without a feeling of involuntary admiration and affection. The Knight seemed to feel there was something ungracious in the reception of the Lady, and drawing closer through his own the arm of the trembling girl, he hastened to tell his name and errand. His tale was short and frank. He was the last of the Norman De Bernards, the chief of the house from which the Forester descended, and though personally unknown, he had not hesitated to seek the castle of his relative in an hour of need and danger.

The long wars which had desolated France had proved fatal to his house. Brothers and sons had fallen, and this one fair girl was all who now remained to cheer his deserted home. Her mother too was gone, his castle was no longer a safe residence for a lovely maiden, and his sword which should have defended her, was required by his king for the weal of France. He had long deliberated on an asylum for his daughter, and at last decided on the Forester's castle, for a friendly intercourse had in his youth subsisted between De Bernard and his Scotch relative, and his Norman chateau had hospitably welcomed those of his race who had from time to time sought the shores of France. "I knew not," added the Knight, "that my old friend was no more; but (he turned to the young Burnett, who stood with his eyes rivetted on the maiden), for his sake you will not refuse the charge, he would gladly have accepted. Take my Bertha, Lady Agnes, let her be to you as a daughter, and

I will reclaim her when peace shall again visit my native land." Gladly was the charge accepted by one of the parties addressed. The Forester sprang forward, and kneeling at the feet of Bertha, vowed on her fair hand to guard, cherish, and protect her as a good Knight, and true, so long as she honoured his castle with her presence : and then the Lady Agnes stepped forward too, and ratified his promise, and pressed her lips to the brow of the stranger. De Bernard's eyes glistened with gratitude and pleasure ; but Bertha shrunk back from the Lady's embrace with an involuntary emotion of fear and dislike, as if she knew, that in her heart, the proud dame only regarded her as a rival in her son's affections, and as likely to interfere with her plans regarding him ; for already she had entered into a treaty with the rich and powerful family of Lorne, to bestow the well-dowered hand of their only daughter, Janet Hamilton, upon the young Baron of Leys.

The Norman Knight rested at the castle to refresh his wearied men and jaded horses, then tearing himself from the arms of his weeping daughter, returned to France. She was too young to weep long, and if the Forester had deemed her lovely, when her cheek was pale, and her eyes heavy with tears, how beautiful did he think her when accustomed to her new residence, her spirits returned, and she donned a green riding suit, with a scarlet cap thrown with careless grace upon her rich brown hair, and, along with his mother and her maidens, went forth to witness the forest pastimes. And the old castle now seemed a spot of light and sunshine, for its vaulted passages and weary winding stairs rang with Bertha's merry song and joyous laugh ; and even in the presence of the Lady Agnes herself, she occasionally gave way to the native gaiety of her disposition, though she felt that while winning all the other hearts around her, she had failed to touch that of the stern mistress of the castle. The summer passed away, and then some dispute with the Abbot of Aberbrothwick, from whom the Baron of Leys held part of his

lands, called away the Forester to settle the matter in person. Bertha saw him depart with a strange feeling of doubt and apprehension, and wept to think how long and lonely the fading days of autumn would seem, were his absence longer than the few weeks he had promised her. Poor Bertha, from that hour she faded too ; and when the first wintry wind shook down the yellow leaves, and left the old trees like stripped and naked giants watching round the castle, her cheek was pale, her form was wasted, and her sweet voice sunk to a feeble whisper. She had no illness, she wondered why she was sinking thus ; but feeling that she was doomed to an early grave, her only wish was to live till the Forester returned, to thank him for all his love and kindness, and bid him think of her when she was gone. But months' passed on, and he came not. It was in the troubled times of the end of James V.'s reign, and the Forester had been sent by the King on one of the many and fruitless negotiations then passing between the courts of England and Scotland. And so the long and dreary winter wore away, and spring had come again, and the woods resounded with the soft cooing of the wood pigeons, and the air round the old castle was heavy with the scent of the rich horse chesnut flowers, when the Forester, with his green livered train, rode with a lover's speed through the thick fir woods of Leys, startling the deer which had been undisturbed in his absence, and making the air ring with his merry bugle notes. There was no look of joy to greet him—his mother's welcome, Bertha's loving smile, where were they ? The domestics were in tears, and without asking an explanation, he sprang up stairs, and burst into the room occupied by his cousin. It was still unchanged, a very huntress bower, decorated by himself with arrows and hunting horns, skins and antlers—and there lay Bertha, cold and pale, with the last smile just lingering on her lips ; while her maidens wept and bewailed their young and much loved mistress, and the Lady Agnes sat at the foot of the couch, with her

eyes fixed sternly and silently on the corpse. The Forester staggered to a seat, and stretched out his hand to reach a goblet of water on the table beside him. The action seemed to rouse his mother, who started up, snatched it from him, and flung the contents from the open window. He rose abruptly, laid his hands on his mother's shoulders, and looked long and fixedly in her face. It was pale and haggard, and her eyes were sunken, and gleaming with a fire almost like insanity. The Forester threw her violently from him, and exclaiming, "woman, you must answer this; my hands are clean:" he quitted the castle, and returned not for many days. When he appeared again among them, his attendants gazed in dismay on his altered looks, for his chesnut curls were turned to grey, and it seemed as if the days of his absence had passed with the weight of years over his head. Little intercourse was there between him and his mother; he left more than ever his affairs to her management, often spending weeks in traversing the country with his armed followers, seeking out, and suppressing those petty disturbances, to which the unsettled state of the government gave rise. And if the Lady Agnes felt the estrangement, the proud woman would not show it, but suffered her son to come and go unquestioned and unwelcomed. Strange rumours were abroad; but men spoke them in whispers—the family were too powerful to offend—all sorrowed for the young Baron, but shrunk away from the stern presence of the Lady; and her women noted that she never now crossed the threshold of the chapel, or sought as she was wont, the consolations of the good old father, who listened to the confessions of the rest of the inmates. So passive had the Baron become, that the Lady, at the close of the year, induced him to complete the proposed alliance with the family of Lorne. And the bride was brought home, but under dark and inauspicious circumstances. The old hall was lighted up, and the fire was piled in the huge chimney; but without the storm raged with fearful violence;

the wind seemed to shake the lofty turrets of the castle, and the sleet dashed against the barred window, and hissed on the blazing logs, which roared back a defiance to the elements. There was little mirth among the guests. No smile was now ever seen to cross the lips of the Baron : and the very aspect of the Lady Agnes was sufficient to check all gaiety in others. And the Lord of Lorne looked with a clouded brow on the stern cold welcome given to his daughter, who sat silent and abstracted, wondering if every bridal feast resembled this. All present started and looked anxiously on each other, when a loud summons was heard, even above the storm, at the court-yard gate, and presently a heavy tread echoed along the vaulted passages : the hall door was flung open, and a Knight, in full armour, advanced to the bottom of the table ; he raised his visor, and the Forester, who had gazed as if awe struck upon the stranger, uttered a deep groan, and hid his face on the table. " Baron of Leys," said De Bernard, in a voice of thunder, " I came in all knightly honour and courtesy, to demand at your hands the precious pledge I left in your charge ; and the rumour of your treachery has reached me as I came. I had not entered your dishonored hall, but to bring from the grave of the murdered Bertha, a message to your House, and that message shall be my revenge. A curse and a blight be on your race for ever ; may your days be wretched, and your nights haunted by the spirits of evil ; and lands, and wealth, and knightly fame, pass away for ever from your unworthy hands !" He left the hall, the heavy door swung behind him ; and then the terrified attendants turned to the Lady Agnes, who sat upright on her seat, her arms hanging down by her side, her eyes fixed, and her whole figure as if turned to stone. They crowded round her, when she slowly raised her hand, and pointing to the dark lower end of the hall, uttered the words " She comes !" and sunk back in the arms of her women a livid corpse. The curse of De Bernard long rested on the House ; the appearance of the

D

Green Lady ever brought death and misfortune, and the wealth of the family diminished, and bit by bit much land was sold, and no record remains of knightly deeds performed by the descendants of our Forester. But in the seventeenth century, the then Baronet of Leys having signed the covenant, and one of his daughters having married the celebrated Andrew Cant, it would appear that the Green Lady, having been in her life a Catholic, had so little sympathy with these hard headed heroes of the covenant, that she discontinued her visits to the castle, and since that period there is no authentic account of her having ever been seen, and as the family have been increasing in wealth and dignity ever since, whatever were the means employed by the Covenanter and his successor to get rid of the spirit, they have proved more efficacious than the masses, exorcisms, and holy water, so liberally used by their popish ancestors. Certain it is, that the bold Barons of Crathes are never now troubled with the Green Lady of Leys.

THE COVENANTER'S BRIDE.

I.

The sun shines bright upon bonnie Dee,
 And bright on its birken bowers—
 And steals thro' the shade of the chestnut tree,
 On the Baron's old grey towers.

And many a flower in the summer tide
 Springs up by the silvery water;
 But the fairest flower on all Deeside,
 Was the Baron's youngest daughter.

Her step was light, her eye was bright,
 Her cheek like summer rose,

And she was wooed by a gallant knight,
The young and brave Montrose.*

It was the time when a mighty flood
Of tyranny swept the land ;
The covenant was signed in blood
By Scotland's bravest band.

" Make ready, make ready my good grey steed,"
The trusty Baron said ;
" For we must ride with spur and speed,
The Covenant to aid."

Montrose rode forth with the Baron's band,
He wore a scarf of blue,
And he has vowed by his lady's hand,
To bear him well and true.

The Lady Margaret sits in her bower—
The warriors went their way ;
And soon there came to the Baron's tower,
Tidings of bloody fray.

And Margaret's eyes of azure light,
With watching and tears are dim ;
She asked for news of her own true Knight,
And heard strange news of him.

And every finger in scorn was raised
To point at the traitor Montrose ;
For where the Covenant banner blazed,
He fought among its foes !

II.

The moon beams lay on the castle wall,
And slept upon hill and lea,

The celebrated Marquis of Montrose was a near relative of Sir Thomas Burnett, known as the "Covenanting Baronet." He accompanied Sir Thomas from Crathes Castle to Aberdeen, in the popular cause, which he soon after deserted.

When Margaret stole from her father's hall,
To weep 'neath the chestnut tree.

A steed is standing in the wood,
A knight is by its side ;
A scarf of blue, with stains of blood,
Upon his arm is tied.

He listened with a beating heart,
Then sprang that step to greet,
And ere the lady could depart,
He kneeled down at her feet.

" Margaret ! thy father's stern decree,
Forbids our hopes of bliss ;
But there are lands beyond the sea,
And fairer homes than this.

" My steed shall bear thee far away,
Safe to some friendly tower ;
And place thee ere the break of day,
Beyond thy father's power.

" Deem me not false as others deem,
I'm ever true to thee ;
Tho' traitor to the world I seem,
Thou'lt find no treachery."

She listened with a tearful eye,
Her color came and went ;
She glanced upon the silent sky,
And strength from heaven was sent.

And passed the tear-drop from her eye,
The colour from her face,
And she spoke with spirit strong and high,
The pride of her ancient race.

" Oh ! they may lay me 'neath the sod,
Bound in my white grave clothes,

Ere I deny my father's God,
Or wed with false Montrose."

III.

The lady fled to her lonely bower,
The knight rode on his way ;
And again there came to the Baron's tower,
Tidings of bloody fray.

Again the shock of battle met
The last the knight ere saw ;
Montrose ! thy star of fortune set
On fatal Philiphaugh !

And years brought round a peaceful time
To the war-worn Covenant band :
And summer in its golden prime,
Was lighting all the land.

And Margaret stood at even tide,
Beneath the chestnut tree ;
A dark stern man was by her side,
A Covenanter he.

" I never thought to wed," she said,
" Oh trusty Andrew Cant ;
But my Sire's command shall give my hand,
For love of the Covenant."

And she was a tender and trustful wife,
Fair children round them rose ;
But her bloom had fled, and her heart lay dead,
In the grave of the false Montrose.

Le Chevalier lache.

We find, generally speaking, that the distinctive features and characteristics of a family are handed down through many generations. That such, however, is not always the case, we have a signal proof among the records and traditions of the House of Leys. In one instance, the descendant of the gallant De Bernard of the Bruce's days, was an arrant coward! Of this baronet, Sir Robert Burnett, it was alleged that his man-servant always slept on a mattress by his bed-side, with a string tied to his wrist, and that, on the slightest noise, his master used to pull the string, and awaken him, in an agony of fear. He seldom went beyond the precincts of the castle; and had an insurmountable dread of entering a carriage, a peculiarity which, in a less degree, manifested itself in one of his successors. The following story will illustrate his character.

In the year 1715, a sad though chivalrous era in Scottish history, the standard of rebellion was raised in Braemar, and the highland clans poured down into the low country, with what ultimate defeat and disaster is well known. The lower strath of the Dee, and the town of Aberdeen, remained firm in their allegiance to the House of Hanover, and, therefore, suffered in some degree from the ravages of the Highlanders. Sir Robert Burnett, too timid to join either party, though a decided Hanoverian, refused equally to both all countenance and assistance, and was, of course, an object of suspicion and dislike to both sides, either of whom would gladly have found a pretext to plunder and annoy him. He shut himself closely up in his castle, ordered the gates to be locked and barred, kept a strict look out from the battlements, and held no communication with his neighbours of whatever political opinion. He was a

middle aged unmarried man, lived alone, and being the last of his direct line, for he succeeded to an unmarried brother, he kept his more distant relations at arms length, and, indeed, appears to have had no intercourse with them whatever. An active stirring house-keeper ruled supreme in the kitchen, and kept in high order, the carved oak furniture, the stores of linen, and chests of antique apparel, of which, at that time, there were large quantities at Crathes. But the Baronet's chief dependence was upon his chaplain, known in the castle simply as Mr. John, who, besides being the keeper of Sir Robert's conscience, acted as a sort of body guard, and also superintended the expenses of the estate and household. He slept always in a room communicating with that of his patron, and having another door opening on a back stair, shorter and narrower than the principal stair case, which wound up from the bottom to the top of the castle, terminating in a low-arched hall, to which, on the respective sides, the two stairs gave entrance. It was Sir Robert's custom to retire early to bed, and Mr. John, after presiding at his toilet, and arranging his hand bell, and night lamp, used to leave him for a couple of hours, to settle any domestic matters, or read a few pages of some old divine, and then slipped into his own apartment by the back stair, leaving the door of communication open between the two rooms. Few nights passed without his being roused by his Patron's call "Mess John! Mess John!" when a few words of quiet assurance would calm the poor old man, and send him to sleep again like a child. In the memorable year 1715, however, a disturbance seemingly more serious than usual occurred during the time Sir Robert used to be left alone. He started up; was it thunder, was it the rain, was the old castle tumbling about his ears, or, possibly, was it an assault on the gates that caused that frightful din? He rang furiously, and was sitting up in bed, pale and groaning with terror, when Mr. John entered the room, with his usual calm demeanour, and unmoved tone of voice.

"A fearsome night, Sir Robert. Did you hear the thunder?" he asked, as he drew the curtains closer, and examined the fastenings of the window. "Thunder, was it!" exclaimed the Baronet, "no mischief done, I hope! Oh! Mess John, Mess John, I'm feared to be alone; come to your bed, man, or sit here beside me a wee while: surely it 'ill no last long?" "Surely no, Sir Robert," replied the chaplain, "lie ye still wi' your face to the wall. Ye'll no' see the lightning, and the thunder i'll no' harm ye, if you say your prayers, and gae quietly to sleep. I must see to the house; the fires maun be put out, and the servants are careless." "Haste ye back then, haste ye back," urged Sir Robert; "I'll no' sleep till ye come; but I'll lie quiet, and try no' to be feared." No fires were put out that night in the castle. The real cause of the disturbance was the arrival, about ten o'clock at night, with no small noise and outcry, of some twenty Highlanders, commanded by one of the Farquharsons of Deeside. They had been left behind when the main body marched southward, and now demanded rest and refreshment, on their way to rejoin the army. Mr. John had a busy night. He ordered as much food to be prepared as could be had on such short notice; supplied whisky as sparingly as he could, under pretence of their having run short of that favourite beverage, but allowed an unlimited consumption of beer; and after the men were all fast asleep on the bare stone floors of the kitchen and passages, he smuggled Mr. Farquharson up the back stair into his own apartment, begging him to keep quiet, and leave the poor Baronet undisturbed, while he returned to the kitchen. Farquharson flung himself half dressed upon the bed, and was dropping asleep, when Sir Robert, hearing the slight noise he had made, called out, "Mess John, Mess John, is that you?" "What do you want?" growled a sleepy voice, which rather startled Sir Robert. Bye and bye, he called again, "Mess John, Mess John!" A prolonged snore was the only answer. He never knew his chaplain sleep like

that, and so had recourse to the hand bell, which he rung vehemently, calling louder than before, "Mess John, Mess John, why can't you answer, man?" "Answer! what on earth do you want?" demanded a voice, which now there was no doubt, was not Mr. John's. "I say, if you don't hold your tongue and let me sleep, I'll come and cut your throat for you!" "Good angels preserve us!" ejaculated the miserable Baronet, "for Mess John's gone clean demented, or else something no canny's in his bed!" and covering his head with the bed clothes, he lay shivering and gasping like a frightened child, till sleep at last overpowered him, and he did not wake again till roused by the broad day light pouring into his room: and he saw Mr. John standing by his bed side, sane and sober as usual. He started up, still half frightened and bewildered, "Mess John, Mess John, what a night! were you drunk, man, or did I dream?" "Bide a wee, Sir Robert," interrupted the chaplain, not deigning to notice the imputation on his sobriety, "lie ye down a bit; I thought may be ye'd be wearied, and so brought your toast and chocolate; tak' your breakfast, and be thankful the storm's a' past, and na' mischief done." Somewhat re-assured, Sir Robert complied, and then, while he dressed, Mr. John related the night's adventure, adding, that Sir Robert might just thank Providence that nothing worse had come of it than a diminished poultry yard, and a "teem" beer cellar! Of the worthy chaplain, we have no further record; only there is an old tombstone in the church-yard of Banchory, to a certain Doctor of Divinity, and we would fain hope, that Mr. John may have attained to that dignity, ere he was laid to his rest. Sir Robert, in due time, was gathered to his fathers, and his title and estates passed, we hope, to worthier hands.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Autumn leaves ! autumn leaves !
 How mournfully ye rest
 Where the cold earth receives
 Her children to her breast ;
 Tell of that narrow bed,
 Whose sod ye too have press'd ;
 Why linger with the dead,
 Our beautiful, our best ?

Autumn leaves ! autumn leaves !
 Ye fall in wintry hours—
 But the deep grave bereaves
 Our home of summer flowers—
 Take, take the hoary head—
 We will not bid you spare ;
 But, Oh ! our hearts have bled
 Over the young and fair !

Autumn leaves ! autumn leaves !
 Ye tell of a faded time,
 When the hopes that fancy weaves
 Were bright as summer's prime—
 Ye find us broken-hearted
 Around the closing tomb—
 For the glad smile hath departed,
 And the music from our home !

 BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Beautiful snow ! thou art soft and fair,
 Stealing down thro' the silent air—
 Mantling over us far and wide,
 Robing the earth like a maiden bride,

Wreathing with pearls her dewy head.
 Hark ! to her hoary bridegroom's tread—
 Take her, old winter ! stern as thou art,
 She hath a loving and trustful heart ;
 Treasure her tenderly, lay her to rest,
 There are beautiful things in her warm young breast.
 Star like gems for the sunny spring,
 Buds in their first bright blossoming ;
 Voices of music in fairy rills,
 Singing down from the purple hills.
 Glorious dyes of the summer time,
 Queen-like garlands for her prime ;
 And the glad gush of woodland song
 Borne on the morning breeze along ;
 The orison, by nature given,
 Up to the very gates of Heaven.
 Beautiful snow ! thou art lying now,
 Deeper and deeper on earth's fair brow ;
 Woe for earth's love ! thy shadowy pall,
 Flung o'er her flowery coronal,
 Oh ! how it tells of youth and bloom,
 Darkly laid in the silent tomb.
 Tones of fondness, and looks of light,
 Sadly haunting the starry night ;
 Of footsteps which the startled ear,
 Could almost deem again to hear ;
 And sunny smiles, and azure eyes,
 That mocked the depths of midnight skies.
 Woe for earth's love ! when the broken heart,
 Sees its bright idols in death depart ;
 When the hearth is lonely, the music gone,
 And the cold moon gleams on the church-yard stone.
 Oh ! then the promise in mercy spoken,
 Like the white dove's wing, a heaven love token,
 " Weep not ! thy brother shall rise again,"
 Comes o'er the heart like spring tide rain ;
 Weep not ! Oh, weep not ! the dead are at rest,
 The dead in Christ are for ever blest.

CONSUMPTION.

Day after day
 She fadeth away,
 Sinking and sighing,
 Drooping and dying ;
 Chiding her heart,
 Unwilling to part
 From sorrow and sadness
 To glory and gladness !

Why doth she linger ? earth hath no spot
 To pillow her head, her grief forgot ;
 Save the green churchyard, by the murmuring stream,
 Fann'd by the night breeze, watch'd by the moonbeam.
 Oh ! she could lie down peacefully there,
 Far from all sorrow and far from care,
 Welcoming slumber, and silence, and rest,
 Were they but shared by those she loves best.

Day after day
 She fadeth away,
 Hope closely clinging,
 Her syren song singing,
 Till struggling in vain
 With sickness and pain,
 From weakness and woe
 Her spirit would go.

He will not forget thee, the love of thy youth ;
 Sealed on his heart are thy beauty and truth :
 Thy child ! oh, faint trembler, hush thine alarms,
 And trust Him who gathers the lambs in his arms.
 Sadly, oh, sadly, we weep for thee now,
 Damp falls thy dark hair over thy brow ;
 Gladly, oh, gladly, shall we not meet,
 Casting our bright crowns at Jesus' feet ?

Day after day
 She fadeth away,

Sinking and sighing,
 Drooping and dying;
 Chiding her heart,
 Unwilling to part
 From sorrow and sadness
 To glory and gladness.

LUCY.

Little grave ! all lowly made
 Within the Abbey's sacred shade ;
 Solemn yew-tree vigil keeping
 Mark the spot where Lucy's sleeping.

Sleeping ! had she need of rest
 Softer than her mother's breast ?
 Was she wearied, glancing by
 With fairy foot and laughing eye ?

Voices called her, not of earth,
 Sighing in the spring-flowers breath,
 Round her pillow, whisp'ring low
 As the night winds come and go.

We little deem'd the emblem flower,*
 The fancy of an idle hour,
 So sadly soon, sweet child, would be
 All that love has left of thee !

Bright as poppy 'mid the corn
 Dancing welcome to the morn,
 Tired with play at evening tide,
 Gently lay she down and died.

Oh ! the stillness ; we are weeping,
 Lucy's calmly, sweetly sleeping ;

* On twelfth night, drawing characters and emblems, Lucy's was a corn poppy.

Angel hands will cool her brow,
 Angel voices soothe her now.

Holier than the Abbey's shade,
 A spirit-home for her is made ;
 Yew-tree bending o'er the sod
 Shadows not the Throne of God.

GREAT MALVERN, 1852.

"TALITHA, CUMI."

Where is the voice that said "be still"
 When tempest swept the skies ?
 The healing word for worst of ill,
 "Talitha, Cumi," maid, arise !

Once in the hour of doubt and fear
 It stemmed the wildest tide ;
 Saviour Lord, hadst thou been here
 Our loved one had not died !

Vain thought ! no more 'mid woes of earth
 The eye of Jesus weeps ;
 And ruthlessly the tyrant death
 His banquet revel keeps.

Still through the cloud the Christian's trust
 All meekly views the rod,
 Gives earth to earth, and dust to dust,
 The spirit to its God.

Father, we bow before thy will,
 We give thee back thine own ;
 Oh ! bid these rebel hearts be still,
 And teach to say, "Thy will be done."

THE
1ST ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISRUPTION
IN THE
CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

There is an echo on the north wind's track
Of Pæans on the sea !
And the mountain tops are shouting back,
Lift up your voice, ye free !

Before the rising tide, a monarch took his stand,
" Back ! " was his stern decree ;
Lo ! sweeping o'er the yellow sand,
Comes on the sounding sea ! *

There was a prison'd eagle pent—
He might not see the sun,
A lightning flash his bars hath rent,
Lo ! his eyrie's won ! †

A tyrant in his wrathful hour,
Flung fetters on the main ;
The wild waves mock'd his puny pow'r,
And dash'd them back again. ‡

And o'er our land, it swelleth like a tide,
That hymn of liberty !
" The mighty Lord was on our side,"
Lift up your voice, ye free !

Oh martyr church ! thine anthems have been sung,
Beneath the forest tree ;
And o'er the heather hill-side rung,
Triumphant still and free !

Now strike the fetters off from other hands,
That they may sing with thee—
And shout aloud to other lands,
Lift up your voice, ye free !

May 18, 1844.

* Canute.

† Luther.

‡ Xerxes.

On the Death of the
REV. MR. THOMPSON, PETERCULTER.

THE last time Mr. Thompson of Peterculter preached in the Free Church of B , where his occasional ministrations were highly valued, and, we trust, have been blessed, was from the text Heb. iv., 11, on the evening of the Communion Sabbath, November, 1843. Little did those who then heard him, full of life and vigour, and zeal in his Master's cause, imagine he would so soon be called on to enter into that rest that remaineth for the people of God !

“ Leave us not weeping
 In doubt and fears ;
 Have we not clung to thee
 Even in tears ?
 Who will console us
 Shouldst thou depart ?
 Who will speak peace
 To the sinking heart ?

Voices from Heaven
 Call thee away ;
 But we are in darkness,
 Wilt thou not stay ?
 Leave us not hopeless,
 Weeping, alone ;
 Linger a little while,
 Thou art our own ! ”

He is gone to his rest !
 Oh, weep not for him
 Though faith be darken'd
 And hope be dim ;
 Wipe off the death damp
 Soft from his brow,
 Peacefully, dreamlessly,
 Sleepeth he now.

They kneel round his bier,
 And their hearts are crush'd ;

Speak to them, Lord !
 Be their murmurs hush'd—
 Teach them, oh ! teach them,
 'Twas thou hadst giv'n,
 And thou hast recall'd
 Thine own to heav'n !

“ We weep for ourselves—
 We know he is blest—
 We are the pilgrims,
He is at rest.
 His labours are over,
 His work is done ;
 The Saviour hath call'd him,
 The crown is won ! ”

This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

JUL 15 1924



3 2044 094 400 231

